



THE
WOODMAN.

FAR remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark ! I hear the woodman's stroke !
Who dreams not as he fells his oak,
What mischief dire he brews :
How art may shape his falling trees,
In aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks and hews.

The tree now fell'd by this bold man,
Perhaps may form the spruce sedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where Oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig ;
The stage where boxers crowd in flocks ;
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold Peasant, oh, what grief,
The gibbet whereon hangs the thief :
The seat where sits the grave Lord Chief :
The throne, the cobbler's stall ;
Thou pamper'st life in every stage
Makes Folly's whims, Pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford ;
These chairs and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard.
Confess the Woodman's stroke ;
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine ;
The hall itself, where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.
